

THEY CURE RHEUMATISM

A Particularly Painful Form of This Disease Yields to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Of the many forms which rheumatism takes, that which is popularly known as sciatic rheumatism probably tortures its victim more than any other. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured this stubborn as well as painful trouble is a fact proven by the following statement, and no sufferer who reads this can afford to let prejudice stand in the way of trying these blood-making pills.

Rheumatism is now generally recognized as a disease of the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make—actually make—pure blood. When the blood is pure there can be no rheumatism. Mrs. Thomas Brennan, of 54 Mill street, Watertown, N. Y., says:

"My trouble began with a severe cold which I took about a week before Christmas in 1904. I began to have rheumatic pains in my back and limbs and after a time I couldn't straighten up. I suffered the most awful pain for months and much of the time was unable to leave the house and I had to take hold of a chair in order to walk and sometimes I could not stand up at all."

"The disease was pronounced sciatic rheumatism and, although I had a good physician and took his medicine faithfully, I did not get any better. After some six weeks of this terrible pain and suffering I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and that is the medicine that cured me. After a few boxes the pain was less intense and I could see decided improvement. I continued to take the pills until I was entirely cured and I have never had any return of the trouble."

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or the remedy will be mailed postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



HICKS' CAPUDINE
IMMEDIATELY CURES
Headaches and
Indigestion
Trial bottle free at drug stores

REMARKABLE LIFE OF MISER.

Englishman Hoarded Pennies and Left Large Fortune to Queen.

John Camden Neild, whose magnificent bequest to Queen Victoria supplied the funds out of which the prince consort built the present Balmoral castle, deserves a place among the great misers and was as remarkable a man as any of them. He was educated at Eton and Trinity college, Cambridge, and was a barrister at Lincoln's Inn. At the age of 34 his father's death placed him in possession of a fortune of £250,000, and from that moment he became a confirmed miser.

Neild lived at 5 Cheyne walk, Chelsea. His big house was so meanly furnished that it did not even boast of a bed. Two old women, who did his stoves, and a black cat were his sole companions. When he visited his large estates in the Midlands, which he did frequently, he generally walked, unless he could get a lift for nothing, and he was not even above taking a gratuitous seat on a dung cart. Sometimes he was compelled by the weather to take a seat on the stage coach. And there he would sit outside, shivering and dripping—for he never wore a greatcoat—an object of commiseration to his fellow passengers.

Old Time Labor Law.

As early as 1847 a law was passed in New Hampshire making ten hours a legal day's work.

HARD TO SEE.

Even When the Facts About Coffee Are Plain.

It is curious how people will refuse to believe what one can clearly see. Tell the average man or woman that the slow but cumulative poisonous effect of caffeine—the alkaloid in tea and coffee—tends to weaken the heart, upset the nervous system and cause indigestion, and they may laugh at you if they don't know the facts.

Prove it by science or by practical demonstration in the recovery of coffee drinkers from the above conditions, and a large per cent. of the human family will shrug their shoulders, take the drugs and—keep on drinking coffee or tea.

"Coffee never agreed with me nor with several members of our household," writes a lady. It enervates, depresses and creates a feeling of languor and heaviness. It was only by leaving off coffee and using Postum that we discovered the cause and cure of these ills.

"The only reason, I am sure, why Postum is not used altogether to the exclusion of ordinary coffee is, many persons do not know and do not seem willing to learn the facts and how to prepare this nutritious beverage. There's only one way—according to directions—boil it fully 15 minutes. Then it is delicious." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville, in pkgs. "There's a reason."



THE HISTORY OF POLICEMAN FLYNN

Policeman Barney Flynn had just settled himself for a quiet and thoughtful smoke when his wife interrupted his meditations.

"Barney," she said, and there was reproach in her tone, "have n't ye f'got something?"

"Ha-ave I?" he asked, with an assumption of ignorance, for he well knew to what she referred.

"Ye coorse ye have, ye aggravin' ma-an," she answered with asperity.

"M-m-m, now, what can it be?" muttered Policeman Flynn, thoughtfully knitting his brow.

"Didn't ye dhrav ye-er sal'ry to-day?" demanded Mrs. Flynn. It may be said here by way of explanation that Mrs. Flynn is the cashier of the family, and always has pay-day marked on the calendar with red ink.

"Oho! 't is th' money ye-er after!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn. "Ye're like all th' r-rest iv th' women. If ye-er good ma-an do be ha-avin' a bit iv th' coin in his clo'es ye're worried till ye ha-ave ye-er ha-ands on it. Ye wa-ant to be shpendin' iv it all ye-ersilf. Ye're like th' confidence ma-an, ye are that. 'Give me ye-er cash,' says you to me, 'an' I'll give ye something that's worth more,' f'r all the worl'd like th' ma-an that's sellin' th' gold brick. I give it to ye, bein' innocent an' unsuspectin', an' what do I get f'r it? I ask ye that, Mary—what do I get f'r it? Why, hash f'r breakfast."

This impressed Policeman Flynn as being so good a joke that he laughed over it himself, but if he did not give it to her to care for they would be begging for things to eat within a week after pay-day, and Policeman Flynn knew that this reflected on his financial management was justified. However, he was in a facetious mood, and did not intend to surrender his temporary advantage at once.

"An' what'll ye do with it if ye lay ye-er ha-ands on it?" he asked. "Ye tell me I'm no ma-an f'r to be handlin' iv money, but what'll ye be after doin' with it ye-ersilf? Oho! I know ye. 'T is like as ye-er'll be shpendin' it on Mrs. Flaherty over be th' mill."

"She's a deser-rvin' woman!" asserted Mrs. Flynn with an emphasis that showed her charity in that direction had been the object of criticism before.

"'T is so," admitted Policeman Flynn, "but ye can't be supportin' ivery fool iv a deser-rvin' woman ye come across. Ye'd go br-roke an' shtarve, ye w'd that. Ye see, Mary, 't is this wa-ay: marri'ge is a loth'ry, an'—"

"I've hear-d ye sa-y that befoor," interrupted Mrs. Flynn.

"R-right," said Policeman Flynn, "but 't is th' thruth, and th' thruth niver grows old. So I tell ye wa-ant more marri'ge is a loth'ry, an' ye can't do much f'r th' gambler that loses iverything an' sh'till won't dhrav out iv th' ga-me. Mrs. Flaherty sh'ticks to her ma-an."

"He's a brute iv a ma-an," asserted Mrs. Flynn.

"'T is so," assented the patrolman, "but while she sh'ticks to him 't is like throwin' wather into a sieve f'r to give to her. He's th' la-ad that gets th' most iv it. Ye must put up with many things in marri'd life, but there do be a limit, an' 't is no excuse f'r kapin' ba-ad comp'ny that ye're married to th' ma-an."

"Accordin' to that," said Mrs. Flynn, with biting sarcasm, "I sh'd l'ave ye, Barney."

"Th' ma-an sh'd be over on the island," said the patrolman, ignoring this thrust.

"Ye'll not l'ave me do anythin' f'r her?" said Mrs. Flynn, inquiringly.

"I will not."

"Ye're a ha-ard-hear-rted ma-an, Barney!"

"I ha-ave sinse," retorted Policeman Flynn.

Now, as has been demonstrated before, Mrs. Flynn has a mind of her own, and she is not a woman with whom it is safe to be dictatorial. In consequence, she was just on the point of issuing a declaration of independence, with incidental remarks on autonomy, when a neighbor suddenly put his head in the door and called out: "Ye're wanted, Flynn!"

Policeman Flynn hastily caught up his helmet and departed.

As they hurried along it was explained to the policeman that things were in a bad way at Flaherty's. The oldest boy had hurt himself, and the neighborhood doctor who had been called in wanted him sent to the hospital. It was clearly the proper thing to do, but Mrs. Flaherty would not hear of it. She was going to have her boy with her at all hazards.

"When Bill sees how things are now," she said pathetically in answer to Policeman Flynn's arguments, "I know he'll be good to us. He used to be a good man before—before—"

"I know," broke in Policeman Flynn. "He'll be good—maybe," and then he added under his breath, "whin he's in his gr-rave or th' po-lis station. I know him."

But the woman won her point. Even reason and sense must give way before the assaults of a mother pleading for her child, and the doctor eased his conscience with the thought that it was not a very serious case, and the boy probably would come out all right anyway. He knew that she was unwise, but love and wisdom do not often go hand in hand.

"But she must have assistance," he said. "There is practically nothing in the house, and she has no money. I'll report the case to the relief authorities at once."

Others who had gathered expressed approval of this decision, and then left, feeling that the fact that the matter was to be put in the hands of the proper officers relieved them of responsibility. But Policeman Flynn was not satisfied. His was a practical mind, and he wanted to do something.

"I'll r-run ye-er ma-an in f'r ye, so's to keep him out iv th' wa-ay," he suggested in the goodness of his heart.

"If you do," she returned, "I'll scratch your eyes out."

"Luk at that, now!" he commented to himself, as he finally started for home. "She do be an onthankful woman, an' wa-ant without sinse. She sh'd be ma-ade to l'ave that good f'r-nothin' ma-an an' sh'd th' bye to th' hospittle, she sh'd that. Th' only wa-ay with thim kind iv people is to be firm an' ha-ard; but," he added, with a shake of his head, "how ca-an ye?"

He was still soliloquizing in this strain when he reached home and was called upon to tell his wife all that had happened. When he had finished she suddenly asked: "Where's ye-er sal'ry, Barney?"

He passed her some money, which she carefully counted.

"They's tin dollars missin'," she announced, but Policeman Flynn was apparently deep in a reverie.

"That fool iv a woman," he muttered half to himself.

"I'm not ta-alkin' iv th' woman, but th' tin dollars," said Mrs. Flynn.

"'T is all th' sa-ame," returned Policeman Flynn. "She do be a fool iv a woman, Mary—I'll not go back on that, not wan bit; but"—again thoughtfully—"we like thim that wa-ay, an' ray-lief officers is shlow. Ye've no idee, Mary, how shlow thim felles—"

"Th' tin dollars," insisted Mrs. Flynn.

"I lift it with th' fool iv a woman," said Policeman Flynn, in desperation. "G'wan, now, an' don't be ta-alkin' to me."

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Parisians in Paris.
How many Parisian people born in Paris are there living in Paris at the present time? According to the last census about 36 per cent. of the total population. Paris has the smallest indigenous population of any European capital. St. Petersburg has 40 per cent., Berlin 41 per cent., Vienna 45 per cent., London 65 per cent.

United States Heads List.
The United States, which, in 1904, ranked second as an export nation, last year took first rank, and again stands with the record of selling more goods than any other country in the world.

SKIN ERUPTIONS 35 YEARS.

Suffered Severely with Eczema All Over Body—A Thousand Thanks to Cuticura Remedies.

"For over thirty-five years I was a severe sufferer from eczema. The eruption was not confined to any one place. It was all over my body, limbs, and even on my head. I am sixty years old and an old soldier, and have been examined by the Government Board over fifteen times, and they said there was no cure for me. I have taken all kinds of medicine and have spent large sums of money for doctors, without avail. A short time ago I decided to try the Cuticura Remedies, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap, two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, two treatments in all, I am now well and completely cured. A thousand thanks to Cuticura. I cannot speak too highly of the Cuticura Remedies. John T. Roach, Richmondale, Ross Co., Ohio, July 17, 1905."

The Zulu War Cry.

The Zulu war cry, used whenever they take the field by the South African footballers now in London, has puzzled our newspapers, not one of which seems able to spell it correctly, says Notes and Queries. The Daily Express gives it as "Igamilzho," and the Daily Mail as "Gammillo." The cry really consists of two words, and should be written "Igama layo." "Igama" is Zulu for "name," and "layo" is a possessive pronoun, meaning either "his" or "their." Thus the Daily Mail, although quite wrong in its orthography of the cry, is right in saying that it merely means "That is his name." The explanation is that Zulu etiquette does not allow warriors, when they rush into battle, to mention the names of their enemies, but the leaders shout out, "That is his name," pointing to the victims with their spears.

Immigrants for Ecuador.

The government of Ecuador has signed a contract with an agency in Guayaquil for the purpose of importing immigrants into the lower and eastern portion of the republic. The company binds itself to import 5,000 families. It is specified in the contract that the immigrants shall be white and preferably of the German or Dutch races.



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Beware of cheap imitations. Sold only in packages of 10 pills.

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FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE
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Some of the Advantages

The phenomenal increase in railway mileage—main lines and branches—has put almost every portion of the country within easy reach of churches, schools, markets, cheap fuel and every modern convenience. The NINETY MILLION BUSHEL WHEAT CROP of this year means \$90,000,000 to the farmers of Western Canada, apart from the results of other grains and cattle. For advice and information address the SUPER-INTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Government Agent. J. S. CRAWFORD, No. 125 W. Ninth Street, Kansas City, Missouri, or C. J. BROUGHTON, Room 430, Quincy Building, Chicago, Illinois.

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